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THE HORN BOOK

Volume IV MAY, 1928 *Number 2*

TABLE OF CONTENTS

PAGE

CARROWMORE. By A. E. 1

SEAFARING (The Voyage of the *Norman D*). By Alice M. Jordan 3

NOTES ON A JUNIOR AUTHOR. By Wilson Follett . . . 6

SUPPOSE. By Walter de la Mare 14

MRS. CHATTERBOX IN LATER LIFE. By Jessica E. Beers . . 16

A SPRING HURDY-GURDY. By Elinor Whitney . . . 20

MY DISCOVERY OF ALBANIA. By Elizabeth Cleveland Miller . 22

TOD OF THE FENS. By Anne Eaton 30

THE DORCHESTER GIANT. By Oliver Wendell Holmes . . 36

A NEW HISTORY OF BOSTON. By Lillian Putnam . . . 39

READING CONTEST 44

A. HUGH FISHER: A Comrade for Children. By Elizabeth M. Whitmore 47

OTHER ETCHINGS AND WOOD BLOCK PRINTS OF INTEREST TO BOYS AND GIRLS 57

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CARROWMORE

By A. E.

From his Collected Verse, the Macmillan Company

It's a lonely road through bogland to the lake at Carrowmore,
And a sleeper there lies dreaming where the water laps the shore;
Though the moth-wings of the twilight in their purples are unfurled,
Yet his sleep is filled with music by the masters of the world.

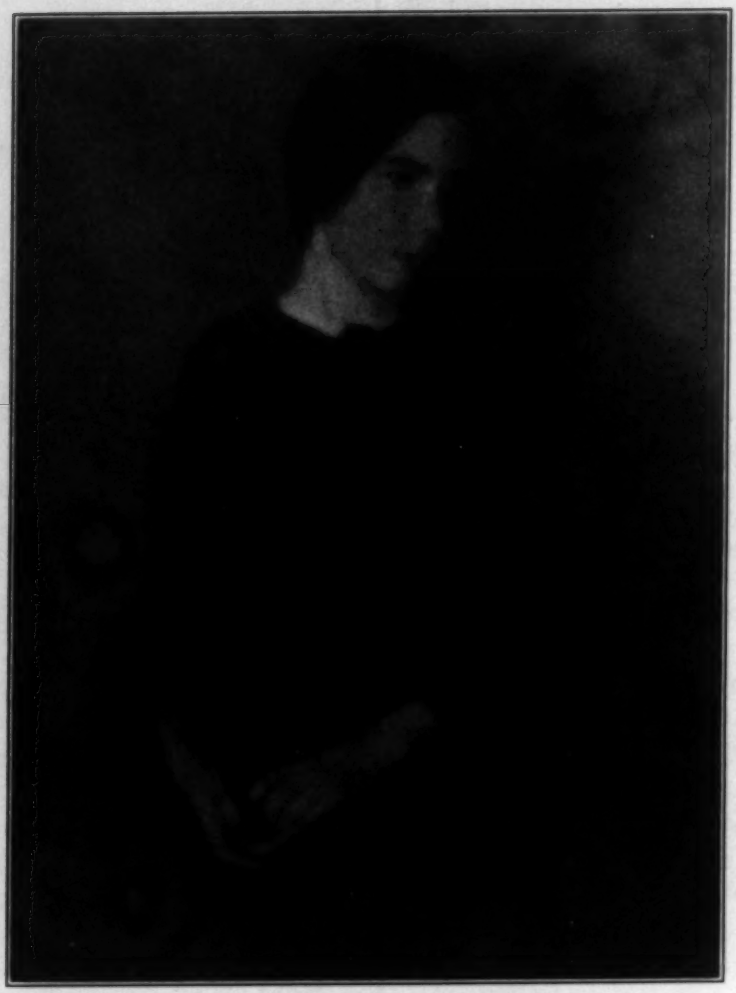
There's a hand is white as silver that is fondling with his hair:
There are glimmering feet of sunshine that are dancing by him there:
And half-open lips of faery that were dyed a faery red
In their revels where the Hazel Tree its holy clusters shed.

"Come away," the red lips whisper, "all the world is weary now;
'Tis the twilight of the ages and it's time to quit the plough.
Oh, the very sunlight's weary ere it lightens up the dew,
And its gold is changed and faded before it falls to you.

"Though your colleen's heart be tender, a tenderer heart is near.
What's the starlight in her glances when the stars are shining clear?
Who would kiss the fading shadow when the flower-face glows above?
'Tis the beauty of all Beauty that is calling for your love."

Oh, the great gates of the mountain have opened once again,
And the sound of song and dancing falls upon the ears of men,
And the Land of Youth lies gleaming, flushed with rainbow light and mirth,
And the old enchantment lingers in the honey-heart of earth.

Reprinted through the courtesy of the Macmillan Company



BARBARA NEWHALL FOLLETT

Author of "The House Without Windows"
and "The Voyage of the Norman D."

THE HORN BOOK

Volume IV MAY, 1928 *Number 2*

SEAFARING

By Alice M. Jordan
Supervisor of Work with Children, Boston Public Library

"The call of the running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied."

The old lure of the sea still draws with irresistible force, even in these days of steam and steel. It charms the young especially; boys often, girls less frequently. Barbara Follett felt it when she read Masefield, when she looked at sea pictures, when she invented piratical yarns. And so, wise home direction made possible a coastwise voyage on the *Norman D.*

This joyous narrative of marine experiences is quite different from the stream of travel books by youthful writers that have multiplied so surprisingly in the last two years. Here is evidence of a passion and devotion beside which the painstaking observations noted each night in the faithfully kept journals seem labored and inept.

Where Barbara got her love for the sea we do not know. All the romance, the fascination that hover over ships and the old sailing days have apparently descended upon her, giving her a zest for seafaring which was unsatisfied until she started her "career as a sailor."

Generations of youngsters setting out on their first voyage as boys aboard their fathers' vessels have known the pride of dawning seamanship, but was there ever before a cabin boy who prepared for seagoing by an exhaustive study of all the nautical terms to be found in Webster's Dictionary?

Written as a letter to a distant friend, with no thought of any other reader, there is a delightful freedom and exuberance about this account of life aboard the *Norman D.*

on her passage to eastward. During the month of June, 1927, the young author counted herself one of the crew of the schooner through fair weather and foul, high winds and calm, all equally animating in the new rôle of cabin boy. Never was lumber schooner invested with brighter halo than that which Barbara's ardent eyes beheld around the main truck of the *Norman D.*

Barbara on the way to Crow's Nest

A remarkable memory for details, a lively sense of humor and a gay spirit of comradeship visualize for the reader the shipmates of cabin and forecastle who made up the little world of shipboard on the voyage. Barbara's enjoyment of all that happened was keen, but equally keen is her sense of all natural beauty, of which she writes in vivid description, as in this paragraph:

"Then I looked over the bow, and saw the foam down there, looking more than ever like two white wings. With the moonlight shining on it, it was ghostly white and curling — moonlight on new fallen mountain snow! The sea itself, very dark green, mysteriously heaving and throbbing, was shadowy, except on the eastern side, where the moonlight changed it to a delicate mass of quivering, shifting silver."

Such a passage, and there are many like it, marks one great difference between Barbara Follett's writing and that of most thirteen-year-old authors. In parts of *The Voyage of the Norman D.* she has given to her actual experiences the same poetic vision and expression that colored the imaginative story of *The House Without Windows.*

In that lovely book, where for once a child speaks out with a yearning that is more common among children than

we have realized, perhaps, Eepersip, a little girl who was "rather lonely," stole away into a free and happy life out of doors.

Read *The House Without Windows* over again in the spring. For delight in birds and butterflies and flowers, color of sky and sea, touch of wind and spray, there is nothing like it. As for the fantasy woven out of her own

The author of "The Voyage of the Norman D." as Cabin Boy

longings, but tinctured by her best-loved books, it wakens memories of exquisite pleasure. To live among things that really matter is part of a forgotten dream.

I lay down the two books glad there are parents with a high resolve that a child so sensitive to beauty shall have freedom and time to possess her soul.

BOOKS MENTIONED IN THIS ARTICLE

The House Without Windows. By Barbara Follett	*Knopf*	$2.00
The Voyage of the Norman D.	*Knopf*	2.00

NOTES ON A JUNIOR AUTHOR

With a Glance at Precocity

By Wilson Follett

THE editor of *The Horn Book* has asked me for some informal jottings on the young author of *The House Without Windows* (1927) and of *The Voyage of the Norman D.* (1928), in spite of a pair of the most complete disqualifications ever heard of. I am, to begin with, one-half of all the parents this author owns; and I am, to go on with, an active part of the only publishing establishment with which she has ever had a connection. If a father could contemplate with an outsider's detachment the work of his own child, it would be pretty remarkable. If a publisher could judge as a disinterested critic the items of his own list, out of which he makes (or tries to make) his living, it would also be a fairly noteworthy occurrence. And if the two things were to happen together, I am afraid we should have to view the combined result as being off the ground of ordinary events and somewhere up in the domain of sheer miracle.

Stone, New Haven

Barbara Follett

The only thing I can do is turn my cards face up and let the reader make his own allowances in his own way.

Frankly, then, speaking as a person and a parent, I like this Barbara Newhall Follett very much indeed, with an esteem which extends to her writings; and, speaking as a publisher, I expect her two books to live for a good while, making their way in the world with unobtrusive success, and to be added to from time to time as the author's engagements and the customs of publishing make convenient.

* * *

When an adolescent writes a book, every one murmurs the word "precocity." If the word isn't murmured, it is shouted or shrieked. This response has nothing to do with the intrinsic qualities of the book, or with the qualities of mind and personality embodied in the book: the chorus starts up as soon as the book is announced for publication, and it is based on nothing whatever except that twelve and thirteen-year-olds are not commonly authoring for fun, because that isn't commonly their idea of fun.

I shall have this to say of any charge of precocity, as applied to the twelve-year-old author of *The House Without Windows* and the thirteen-year-old author of *The Voyage of the Norman D.:* To anybody who wants to be rational enough to entertain for a moment the thought that the measure of a workman is his work, the following idea will probably make sense: namely, that a book is precocious or not according to whether the mental traits and perceptions expressed in it are or are not in advance of the author's chronological age at the time of writing it. A fundamental diagnosis of Barbara's case is this: She is, at fourteen, an eleven-year-old, as childhood's interests go. If she were fifteen, instead of fourteen, one would have to call her an instance of arrested development.

* * *

Everything works together to drive children into premature imitation of adult interests. The system gets them going and coming. Childhood is made intolerable by con-

descending books, plays, pictures, and games, all invented out of whole cloth by "educational psychologists" whose theories of the child-mind are invented out of the same whole cloth; and all the most inane, trivial, and tawdry aspects of grown-up life are ready to hand for the child's models of ambition and behavior. First, we take out of childhood all that makes it comfortable for children; and then we fill up the void with the offscourings of our own existence — the fashions of wasting time which we know aren't even good enough for *us*, and which sour to even our own vitiated taste in the very hours of our pretended enjoyment. Precocity, which is always imitation, would not be so poisonous if there were anything in sight worth imitating.

Mountain trails with sun on the distant peak

There are certain realities which ought to be part of every child's inalienable inheritance, and of which we systematically disinherit nearly all children. The chief of such important realities are, perhaps, these: (1) leisure; (2) privacy when required; (3) freedom; (4) familiarity with nature; (5) spontaneous activity; (6) gratification of curiosity; (7) equal companionship when needed; (8) the right to be taken seriously as a human being at all times. There is no room here to define these *seriatim* or to diagram the ways in which on each count we contrive to rob children of their due. Suffice it to say that the completely *normal* child is one who has had the fullest measure of this inheritance that is humanly possible. And the *average* child of twelve or fourteen — so well do our civilized machinations prosper — is one who has been as completely deprived of all eight of these natural advan-

tages as the insane ingenuity of the race can manage. The result is that childish normality has all but disappeared from urban America. We habitually construe a warped and malformed *average* as the norm.

It is my present notion that Barbara Newhall Follett is an example of the norm of childhood, undevastated by the average perversion. She has a normal set of interests instead of a precociously imitative set (and is therefore regarded as underdeveloped); and she has a normally articulate power of expression instead of the usual speech-bound paralysis (and is therefore regarded as overdeveloped). In both particulars she reaps the advantage and pays the penalty of not having been fussed at and tampered with — of having been let alone.

* * *

She has been let alone. She has had her own room from birth, her own study and collection of books from the age of reading. She has chosen her books, has read what she could get pleasure out of, and has reread things as often or as seldom as she chose. She has never been herded in gangs, or standardized into any sort of pattern. She has never entered a school except for a few minutes as a visitor. She has run wild in the country for months at a time, learning birds, animals, insects, trees, ferns, flowers. She has climbed mountains of altitudes suited to her age, and carried packs graduated to her strength. She has swung a paddle, and swum like a young water-rat, and sailed a rude makeshift contraption in wild weather, and slept on the ground, and pawed mountain cranberries from under snow with numbed fingers, and tamed deer mice. Out of pure curiosity, she has used a typewriter haltingly at four, accurately at five, fluently at six, with professional competence at seven, until at eight the expression of her thoughts through its keys was nearly as instinctive as breathing. She has asked questions and got

In the winter woods

them answered — when there were answers that could be found. She has had a perennial crop of overlapping grand passions (Anglicè, "crushes") — two years' absorption in clocks; five in a particular stuffed animal; three in butterflies; in Ludwig von Beethoven; in ships and the sea; in yellow as a color; in the Roman tongue and Julius Cæsar personally; in pirates and piracy — and no one has sat on them or laughed at them. She has picked up a business-like habit of finishing what she starts, along with a wildly adventurous habit of starting whatever comes into her head. And, enviably, she has laughed more in her fourteen years than I have in my forty.

Now, it is my belief and contention that all this is natural, normal; and that her two books (which are nothing if not an embodiment of it) are expressions of the normal, natural child. Every one seems to have agreed that they are — at any rate in English — the only books of their kind. The reason for that is not that she is a paragon or a freak; it is that she is about the only articulate fourteen-year-old in America whom nobody has ever tried to pour into a preconceived mold. Her writing is composed of just the sunlight that would saturate *any* child's consciousness if we could only make up our minds to give nature half a chance. She is exceptional simply in her unhindered retention to the age of fourteen of interests which we ridicule and thrash and educate out of most children at nine or ten. Barbara is, I think and hope, an individual in the literary use she makes of her interests. But those interests themselves are the natural and characteristic property of every child on earth that

has been given decent surroundings, decent companionship, *and* a decent letting-alone.

All of this must sound as if I considered Barbara a perfect being and a paragon — which is the opposite of what I am trying to say. She is normal childhood; and she has, of course, her defects, as all of us do. I have ideas about some of the defects; but this is not a paper on that subject. It is written not to pick a personality to pieces, but to summarize the causative forces that made Barbara's two books an entirely natural form of expression.

In fine, the books exist because they were allowed to; because she was allowed to be the way she is. No one tried to stop her. When she wanted to typewrite, no one said, "Oh no, you have to learn to write first," or "Oh no, you have to learn to read first," or "Oh no, you aren't going to be a stenographer," or "Oh no, the motions of typewriting are against the laws of eurhythmy." When she wanted to write a story (*The House Without Windows*) to give to her mother on her own ninth birthday, no one said, "Oh no, you don't *give* things on your birthday; you *get* them." The usual devices for the destruction of initiative and curiosity were not applied to her at all. Pains were taken with her upbringing — pains to stand out of her sunlight, to give her air, to let her go it.

It is implicit in all the foregoing that Barbara is indebted to the universe principally for a mother who had convictions, and, in consistent daily practice over a term of years, the courage of them. Lots of mothers will agree thoroughly, in discussion, with the principle of the thing — which, indeed, is like many another precept of elementary horse-sense that everybody accepts and nobody applies. But Barbara had the improbable luck to draw a mother who didn't take it all out in talk. She supplied, out of her own abundance, what the child demanded. That was important. And she spared, with unremitting self-restraint,

"Frost Feathers" and Barbara

what the child didn't demand. That was perhaps even more important. Maternity is usually construed — by its practitioners — as a commission to adapt the child to a preconceived place in a preconceived society (either the mother's own kind of society or a kind that she has missed and doesn't mean to let her child miss). Barbara Follett's mother took maternity, rather, as a chance to find out what was in the child and let it come out. She had the originality to think the job through, the mental and personal resources to do the job day by day in the thick of great material difficulties, and the aplomb to send all interferences (and interferers) politely to the devil.

Personally, I am convinced that the world is more in her debt than the world is likely to know or admit: first, for a heterodox and very courageous experiment in education; secondly, for the preservation, unspoiled and unpampered, of the subject of her experiment, who looks to me to be worth something to the world by virtue of her differences; thirdly, and more tangibly, for the two books which she allowed to write themselves — the one a fundamental revelation of the very soul of natural childhood, the second an eager acceptance of as beautiful an adventure as is possible to childhood. But I shall not quarrel with any one who charges these opinions of mine to inevitable prejudice, or disagrees with them on every count. We are all fond of our own ways of thinking, and reasoning about them is only our technique for discovering *ex post facto* the rational justification of beliefs that we can no more help than we can help the color of our eyes.

The Voyage of the Norman D. and *The House Without Windows* stand or fall, ultimately, by the amount of delight they are able to give; and this, after all, is a question of fact and of experience. It is not a question of theory, or of the author's age, or of what some one thinks about educational psychologists (a subject as extraneous to literature as to all other realities). If the books are good between title-page and finis, they will be no more and no less good if written by a committee of psychiatrists, or by the Beef Trust, or by a Ouija board. The proof of the author is in the book; and the proof of the book is in the reading.

SUPPOSE

By Walter de la Mare

Suppose...and suppose that a little wild Horse of Magic
Came cantering out of the sky,
With bridle of silver, and into the saddle I mounted,
To fly — and to fly;

And we stretched up into the air, fleeting on in the sunshine,
A speck in the gleam,
On galloping hoofs, his mane in the wind out-flowing,
In a shadowy stream;

And oh, when, all lone, the gentle star of evening
Came crinkling into the blue,
A magical castle we saw in the air, like a cloud of moonlight,
As onward we flew;

And across the green moat on the drawbridge we foamed and we snorted;
And there was a beautiful Queen
Who smiled at me strangely, and spoke to my wild little horse, too —
A lovely and beautiful Queen;

And she cried with delight — and delight — to her delicate maidens,
"Behold my daughter — my dear!"
And they crowned me with flowers, and then to their harps sate playing,
Solemn and clear;

And magical cakes and goblets were spread on the table;
And at window the birds came in,
Hopping along with bright eyes, pecking crumbs from the platters,
And sipped of the wine;

And splashing up — up to the roof tossed fountains of crystal;
And Princes in scarlet and green
Shot with their bows and arrows, and kneeled with their dishes
Of fruits for the Queen;

And we walked in a magical garden with rivers and bowers,
And my bed was of ivory and gold;
And the Queen breathed soft in my ear a song of enchantment—
And I never grew old...

And I never, never came back to the earth, oh, never and never,
How mother would cry and cry!
There'd be snow on the fields then, and all these sweet flowers in the winter
Would wither and die...

Suppose...and suppose...

This poem appears in Louis Untermeyer's *This Singing World for Younger Children*. Harcourt, Brace and Company. Price, $2.50. Also in *A Poetry Book for Children*, compiled by A. Watson Bain. Cambridge University Press. Price, $1.00.

MRS. CHATTERBOX IN LATER LIFE

By Jessica E. Beers, *Principal, Normal Training Department, Ethical Culture School*

Those who knew Louise Connolly in her adult life understand how clearly she has drawn her own portrait in *Mrs. Chatterbox and Her Family.*

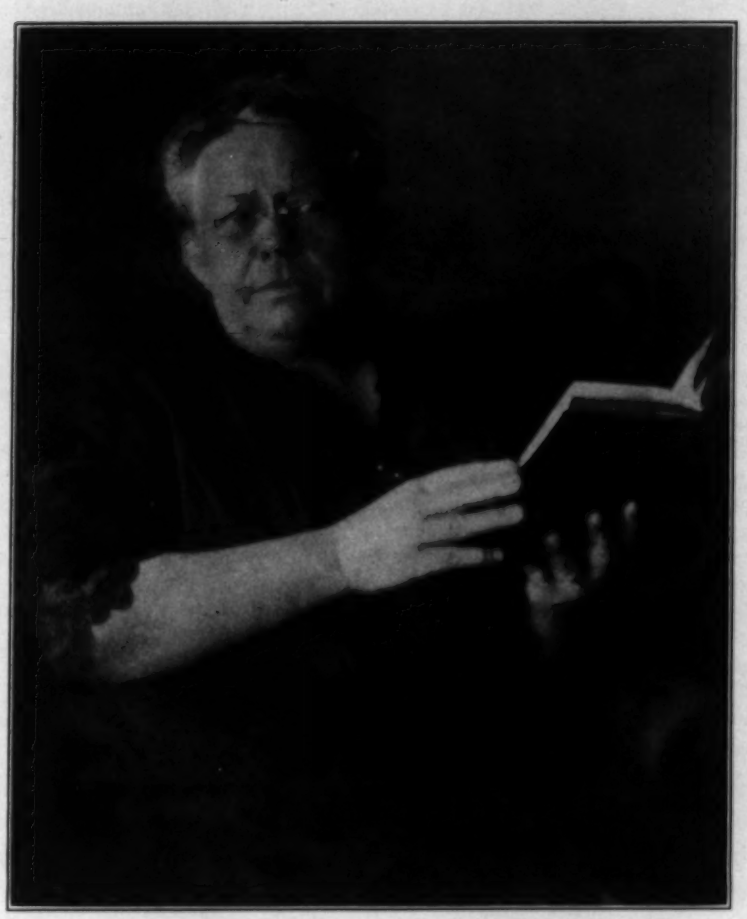
The exceptional little girl in the book was inspired throughout life by a tender heart easily touched by emotion. She felt compassion for all helpless creatures. Not only did she love Zebedee, the cat she taught to enjoy a view of the Capitol, but all other members of the feline race as well. Once Miss Connolly was superintendent of schools in a suburban town. The most important person in her home was a "Mr. Gray." As a cat with sleek and shining fur, he was well known on the block, and his many letters gave the postman not a little vexation, especially at Christmas and Easter.

One wintry night Miss Connolly, with a look of guilt on her pleasant face, came into the house and, taking from the bosom of her evening gown an unkempt, lean, little gutter cat, held it out to her friend. "I had to bring it in; the boys were teasing it." Hearing the exclamations of pity, Mr. Gray gave one look at the alley cat and jumped from his damask chair to go out and sit with his back to the house on the fence. Among the delightful poems for children written at odd times by Miss Connolly is one on "That Charming Parlor Cat."

The qualities that made Miss Connolly sympathetic toward animals were also those which caused her to help people, young and old. She was intensely interested in the progress of children and young people, and she had a message inspired by faith and enthusiasm to give them. After talking on the radio, she received a letter from one of her unseen audience. "I just heard you talk over the radio and I want to say that it was a bird. Good common sense! If you could only get more dumb-bells to

listen. You hit straight from the shoulder; interesting, short and snappy. Good stuff."

Living enriched by Miss Connolly's viewpoint brightened the world for every one near her. One summer a spider



MISS LOUISE CONNOLLY

in a bathtub, a Scandinavian cook and a Tibetan missionary provided unlimited source material for philosophical comment and clever analogy. Wherever she happened to be, as soon as she spoke, listeners were attracted by

her wise and magnetic manner of dealing with the problems of existence. In a story written some time ago, she displays her friendly and witty approach to surroundings and people.

"I am five feet tall, and weigh one hundred fifty pounds — thirty pounds to a foot. I wear, usually, a shirt waist and skirt. The waist is fastened around below the belt by seven large pins, so that when I raise my elbow as high as my shoulder, something bursts. This is to prevent bagging at the arms.

"One evening I boarded an elevated train at 23d Street, with a couple of books in one hand, and my purse, my coat, and a roll of papers in the other. When adjured by the brakeman to 'step lively,' I did what a stout lady in a tight skirt can do to comply.

"I secured a place near the door, where I might balance myself by my elbow; for I find that efficacious in preventing sidewise jerks as the train rounds curves. Backward and forward plunges are avoided by planting the feet several inches apart.

"As people came in, the brakeman urged me, with others, to 'step up front,' but I dared not cast loose from my mooring. And so several people disciplined me as they entered. From their point of view they were right. Finally a burly negro dislodged me, and cast me adrift in the aisle. Then I began to roll. It must be awful to be a ball — to be always in a state of unstable equilibrium! I rolled against a gray-bearded gentleman, against the knees of a divinity student reading *Puck*, against an angry lady in a brown fur coat, against a corpulent German, and others.

"'Madam,' expostulated he of the gray beard, 'there is a strap above you.' 'Sir,' said I, warmly, 'so is Heaven.' Then the divinity student put *Puck* into his pocket and gave me a seat."

Such a spontaneous flow of reason and unreason as Miss Connolly possessed contributed to the making of a gifted after-dinner speaker. She could adjust to any change or unusual situation and was without a rival in her ability to speak extemporaneously. She never failed to have her audience with her from the start, and underneath the delicious humor, the current of seriousness and the integrity of her purpose were always apparent.

Those who enjoyed intimate contact with Miss Connolly were impressed by the ceaseless, creative activity of her mind. When dressing or walking the street, she was organizing ideas for her numerous articles and monographs, or inventing stories. Asked why, in a domestic crisis, she

had not ordered the meat, she humbly answered, "As I stepped off the porch a story started in my mind and kept unfolding until I reached the office. I could think of nothing else." How it was done under any and all circumstances stands out convincingly in her recipe for making a speech.

First, Know what your subject is.

Second, Fill up, in general, with reading on the subject, if needed, and with some stimulating reading, if not, just to set your mind to working.

Third, Go to bed, saying to yourself, "There'll be faces looking up into yours, waiting for that message."

Fourth, Wake up and take your bath without speaking to any one. The main heads and the sequence of the speech will unfold before you. Note points to illustrate.

Fifth, Look up quotations and illustrations and facts needed to fill in gaps.

Sixth, For several days and nights give yourself over to the brooding that will take possession of you whenever you sleep, *or are alone,* as in walking home at night. *Don't strive.*

Seventh, Go to your rendezvous in a train or car, avoiding company. The speech will unroll before you as you go, but you won't be able to think of an ending — ever.

Eighth, Eat the dinner, and talk, and listen, as occasion demands. *It's all right.*

Ninth, Make the speech, watching the clock. A lot of extra, maybe humorous, things will pop into it that you didn't expect. The ending will pop out of your mouth unbeknownst.

Few women have accomplished in their lives more excellent public relation work than Miss Connolly. She was at her best when great issues were afoot which were educational and not at all personal. In connection with such undertakings as woman's suffrage, library organization, museum work, public school education, and the movement for better films, she employed her powers of leadership, aided by the brilliant intellect and deep human sympathy with which she was so richly endowed. Knowledge and studious ways she loved, but above all else she believed in the commanding need for earnest public service, and to it gave unfailing interest and the courageous pioneer efforts of an impressive and lovable personality.

Mrs. Chatterbox and Her Family. By Louise Connolly *Macmillan* $2.00

A SPRING HURDY-GURDY

By Elinor Whitney

THE hurdy-gurdy man arrived this morning, together with the red-winged blackbird and the smell of burning grass. He was brown-skinned and black-haired and had a curling moustache.

"You think you have a black felt hat on and are dressed in an old brown suit," thought I as I looked out on him. "You aren't, though. You are dressed in tattered scarlet, and there's a sprig of hawthorn in your cap. You're young, and not old and weary. The tunes you play aren't ragtime, with the metallic ring of a worn-out hand organ, but they are songs of the road and the open sky. Turn the handle and let me hear."

I threw him a silver piece, thinking, "That's what you want, but it's gold that you should have — gold that has been buried a long time under the hazel tree. Fairy gold!"

He caught the coin in his hat and smiled, showing a row of flashing white teeth. Then he began:

From "Bluebell Song" by W. Graham Robertson

Blue along the alley ways, blue in the meadow!
The blue sky is falling; run and tell the King!
Blue as a mist wreath, as a blue cloud shadow,
Hangs the chime of bluebells ringing out the Spring.

* * * * *

From "The West Wind" by John Masefield

It's a warm wind, the west wind, full of birds' cries;
I never hear the west wind but tears are in my eyes;
For it comes from the west lands, the old brown hills,
And April's in the west wind, and daffodils.

It's a fine land, the west land, for hearts as tired as mine;
Apple orchards blossom there, and the air's like wine;
There is cool green grass there, where men may lie at rest;
And thrushes are in song there, fluting from the nest.

"Will ye not come home, brother? ye have been long away;
It's April, and blossom time, and white is the may;
And bright is the sun, brother, and warm is the rain, —
Will ye not come home, brother, home to us again?"

From "The Crowning of Dreaming John" by John Drinkwater

Seven days he travelled
Down the roads of England,
Out of leafy Warwick lanes
Into London Town.
Grey and very wrinkled
Was Dreaming John of Grafton,
But seven days he walked to see
A king put on his crown.

Down the streets of London
He asked the crowded people
Where would be the crowning,
And when would it begin.
He said he'd got a shilling;
A shining silver shilling;
But when he came to Westminster
They wouldn't let him in.

Dreaming John of Grafton
Looked upon the people,
Laughed a little laugh, and then
Whistled and was gone.
Out along the long roads,
The twisting roads of England,
Back into the Warwick lanes
Wandered Dreaming John.

* * * * *

From "Tir Na N-og" (The Country of the Young) by Robin Flower

I heard the summer calling across great breadths of sea
In the landwind and the seawind and the wind of gramarie;
For the seawind speaks in thunder and the landwind whispers low,
And the little wind of faëry you scarce can hear it blow.

But listen, listen, listen, and you shall hear afar
A low and lovely murmur like the singing of a star;
But listen, listen, listen, till all things fade and fall
And the lone and luring music is master over all.

* * * * *

I sat listening for a long time. Then I looked out again. There was no hurdy-gurdy man there — but off across the greening hillside I saw a flick of red.

(The selections are from *A Poetry Book for Children*, compiled by A. Watson Bain. Cambridge University Press. Price, $1.25).

MY DISCOVERY OF ALBANIA

By Elizabeth Cleveland Miller[1]

Like all delightful, important and invaluable experiences, Albania happened to me quite by accident. In the summer of 1919 I was vacationing in Paris from Y work with the Army of Occupation, and I ran into the head of the Albanian Red Cross Unit, who was, surprisingly, an old friend of mine in America. The war troops were soon to leave Germany and I felt myself open to engagement in any quarter of the world, so a few months later I was overjoyed to receive a telegram asking me to come to Scutari, Albania, and do child welfare work. I was trained and experienced in work with children, and had been working with them for nearly ten years in New York, so I was glad to get back again into this sort of thing, and particularly glad to go to a far and unknown corner of the earth.

[1] Mrs. Miller wrote *Children of the Mountain Eagle*, that distinguished book published by Doubleday, Doran in the fall of 1927.

Christian Women, Scutari

I landed, in the fall of 1919, in the city of Skodra, or Scutari, and realized in less than twenty-four hours how very fortunate I was. I love primitive, unique and untouched things, and here was northern Albania barely out of the clutches of Turkey, who had sealed her for centuries from European influences.

Games at the Red Cross Children's House, Scutari

I had gone back in time hundreds of years. There was scarcely a European costume to be seen on the street. The whitewashed houses and high-walled gardens were picturesquely Oriental, and no one used beds, chairs, or even tables, in our sense of the word. The "old town" of Skodra was lined with dark, little shops, where men sat cross-legged making the things they sold. Market day was a blaze of color and the streets and squares were thronged with people in the costumes of a hundred different tribes and villages. There were the barren, beautiful mountains ringing the city and the lake, and the pricking, slim needles of the minarets, and the steeple of a cathedral presided over by an Archbishop whose see had been established since the earliest days of the Church.

Here I was set down and told to go ahead and do what I wanted. I made a "survey." I found the schools — and there *were* schools! — full of orderly rows of clean and happy children. Were these the children I had come to help? I didn't want to believe it. Where were the really needy ones? I found them. Some were on the streets in vermin-filled rags, begging; some were living like animals in half-ruined barracks on the edge of town; some were kept in their wretched homes because bare feet

"Cat and Mouse" on the playground of the Children's House, Scutari

and ragged clothes and skin diseases were not permitted in the schools, and there were no native agencies in a backward country to help such children back to normal health and living. And some were even then following the trails into Skodra from their burnt and ruined villages on the Serbian border. For war is never over in the Balkans. Serbia, Italy, and Greece were eating at the edges of Albania all the time I was there.

All these children were hungry, ragged, vermin-ridden and — beautiful. They had a clean-cut fineness of feature

and build that marked them not peasant but mountain stock — the material that for generations had defied invaders and held their unconquerable hills for themselves and their children.

Things move slowly in the Balkans. People promise and don't perform. It was nearly six weeks before I was able to find and equip a tiny place where these children could be gathered together daily.

I shall never forget the opening of this "Children's Garden," as I called it at first. The rest of the unit was medical, and I was alone on the job except for native help. The first day we had fifty children, all sexes, sizes and ages; then the first Sunday every priest in Skodra was ordered to preach against us by the Archbishop himself, who thought I had come to Protestantize Albania; and the day after that we had fifty more children, and our gates were besieged for weeks.

It was comic and tragic at once. The difficulties were just *not* insuperable. The place where I planned to clothe, feed, cure — through the dispensary close by — and generally to civilize with work and play a group three times too big was ridiculously tiny; there was no plumbing at all, and yet each child had to be bathed on entering; no trained help, and yet cook, housemaid and assistant must start functioning at once; no proper interpreter, and yet I had to understand and make myself understood. I had a fifteen-year-old girl who had a smattering of German slightly less "pidgin" than my own. The struggle of it is fun to look back on now, but it was all desperately serious then.

However, the thing gradually took on form and I began to see what we were doing. We were taking the waste children of the city and making them into healthy, clean and happy beings — who belonged — where? In their native schools.

It is very easy in work like this to lure the children from their native schools, and I had been very careful to

refuse children who were or ought to have been in attendance at their own schools. Now, far from depleting these native institutions, I was in a position to feed them, and I made arrangements to "graduate" certain of my children into the city system. I called my place the "Clearing House for Children," and as soon as any child was "normalized" we entered him in the city schools and kept an eye on him, and often continued our help in food and clothing. Thus we could take in new members from the crowd at our gates and stretch our help over an ever larger number of these destitute children. Moreover, I felt that by this continuous process of reclamation we were doing for the city's children what the city, through poverty and backwardness, was itself quite unable to do, and we were therefore justifying our existence as a social institution.

So we struggled happily and manfully on in our crowded quarters for six months and then everything happened at once. Hordes and swarms of refugees arrived from the border warfare, and the ultimatum came from Paris that the medical unit was to be withdrawn shortly, while my work was to continue under the Junior Red Cross.

Boys may knit and no disgrace!

What happened? Dreams came true. I fell heir to the best interpreter in the unit; I was allowed to lease a perfectly magnificent stone mansion with gardens and grounds galore, where I was given

nearly *carte blanche* on fixings and furnishings; and last but not least, my long-promised assistant arrived from Paris, and more than filled the bill.

Our children were admitted to nearly three times their former number. When the unit left we had a nurse assigned to us, and us alone. An invaluable person to keep our accounts. We ran a splendid summer school of play and clubs and classes, and in the autumn entered about one hundred of our "reclaimed" children in the city schools. Then we more than filled the vacancies they left and things hummed for the Children's House. Our daily attendance was around three hundred and my assistant and I worked with these; the nurse made miraculous cures of sore heads and infected skins; and the children themselves throve marvelously, and danced and sang and worked and played, and were transformed before our eyes.

The huge majority of our children were from a dozen or more different tribes of the northern mountains, some of them sons and daughters of famous chiefs and warriors, and all the victims of famine, poverty, feud or war. They came of the purest, proudest blood of an ancient race, and as I became more proficient in the language, I began to realize in what patriarchal antiquity of life they had been raised.

A sheepskin coat common in the mountains of North Albania

When I got the chance I went on foot

into the heart of the mountains north and east of Skodra. There I saw the unbelievably primitive life my children had come out of. There I experienced that incredibly beautiful expression of their native spirit — the mountain hospitality, and I observed the manners and ceremonial that

A girl from the mountains who learned to read in two months. When she goes home to her mountains, she may be the only person for miles who can read.

were woven into the most ordinary acts of life. There I saw the human spirit asserting its humanness in the midst of surroundings crude in the extreme — yes, bestial even.

Ignorance — superstition — distrust? Yes, inevitably; but beside these flower gorgeously good faith, loyalty, and that high courage that knows hardship and death itself as merely part and parcel of living.

What of the blood feud? Will you be surprised if I tell you that the blood feud is *made out of* law, honor, and loyalty? A mistaken loyalty to be sure, but for all that — loyalty. He is not a coward who kills calmly, knowing that his own life will be forfeit for the deed, or worse — his son's. No, he is a man who values this strange thing, "honor," more than life — who ranks the intangible above mere meat and drink and breathing.

I have left no room to tell about my book and how it grew. It really did not grow at all, for when I started to write it, it was all there. Such experiences are roots enough for any book; and I am glad that children here who read of Bor and Marash will know something of life in those untouched high places where meager living does not hinder the rich existence of the spirit.

TOD OF THE FENS, BY ELINOR WHITNEY

(Macmillan)

REVIEWED BY ANNE EATON
Librarian, Lincoln School of Teachers' College

IN the edition of *Ivanhoe,* illustrated by E. Boyd Smith, there is a double page picture, which represents Rebecca gazing from a tower window and reporting to the wounded Wilfred of Ivanhoe the progress of the attack on the Castle of Torquilstone. The reader sees not only the charming Rebecca and her companion, but may, himself, look through the window and observe the events taking place on the plain below.

Reading Miss Whitney's *Tod of the Fens,* one has the same feeling of being taken to a point of observation, but in this case the tower is a magic tower and one sees not a single happening, but a complete and lively moving picture of life in England just before Henry V came to the throne.

From the time when, after a brief description of England and St. Botolph's (Boston) in Lincolnshire at the beginning of the 15th century, we see the mysterious stranger in the guise of a friar making his way through the town gate that is just closing for the night, the scene before us is full of colour and activity. Miss Whitney has used her historical material with art and skill; nowhere does she instruct, yet a boy or girl could hardly come away from a reading of *Tod of the Fens* without a sense of the England of that day. An England of strange contrasts — pomp and simplicity, high spirit of adventure and childlike enjoyment of a jest, commercial enterprise and superstition.

The story has a well-made plot and is full enough of dramatic happenings, directly and vividly told, to satisfy the most persistent seekers for "an exciting book." But always the setting, the accessories, the stage properties (to borrow terms which seem very appropriate) are helping to make a complete picture of the times. Gilbert and

Johanna bend over the ivory chessmen; the vessels of the English "merchant adventurers," as well as the foreign ships from Holland and Brabant and the Venetian galleys, an-

Through the courtesy of the Macmillan Co.

TOD MEETS A BEGGAR

chor at the quay that Johanna Tilney can see from the wall of her father's well-laid-out garden. We see Johanna's mother, the Lady Mathilda, reminding one "of a deer at bay as she walked up and down the hall, her brown silk

dress ruffling about her and her horned headdress towering above her anxious face," as well as Johanna in her rose silk with the pearl girdle, her "slim neck carrying gracefully the high, heart-shaped headdress of fine linen."

When the bell of St. Botolph's pealed forth the alarm at Johanna's kidnapping, out come the townspeople, "running, calling, questioning, dodging, hurrying. Children and pigs were underfoot. Men carried weapons, buckets, ropes, and staves. Women still had in their hands the article they held when the alarm came: a distaff, a long-handled ladle dripping grease, a brush broom, or even a butter churn. Some had taken time to pick out some cherished possession — an iron-wrought candlestick, a piece of silver or pewter plate. Into the market place all were pushing and jostling. It was not fire, it was not flood, it was kidnapping." Corpus Christi Day, with its booths and merchants, its beggars, its miracle play, its tilting, its archery, its procession in robes of damask, velvet and gold embroidered satin, in scarlet and violet and green and blue, makes a brilliant setting for the final scene of the story.

One of the chief difficulties before the writer of an historical tale is to make the characters real, and not puppets dressed in costumes of the period. Not long descriptions, but light and telling touches here and there make the persons of the story live for us. From Friar Stephen in the Blackfriars Convent garden we learn that little Johanna is sturdy and sweet as the daffodils, for she, too, loves the wind and the sun. And the Friar's own words to Johanna show us the kindly and gentle old man that he is. Tod of the Fens himself, with his curly mop of hair, his contagious laugh and his loyalty to his friends; Tom True Tongue, the irrepressible and resourceful; Dame Pinchbeck at the market, bargaining for vegetables and berating tradesmen and apprentices alike in the racy idiom of the day, are unforgetable. Even the shepherd, "whose only friend is his dog," is firmly fixed in our memory,

while only a real dog lover could have given us Angus, the sheep dog.

And through the scenes, weaving the threads of the story together, comes and goes the mysterious stranger,

Through the courtesy of the Macmillan Co.

JOHANNA VISITS THE SHIPYARD

now singing a minstrel song, now laughing with rollicking acquaintances made by the roadside, now playing a merry jest on the townsfolk of St. Botolph's, but ever and again with a touch of seriousness and dignity about him that makes us realize, even before we are told, that this is no common man, but one destined to play a rôle in history. True to her artistic sense, the author withdraws Prince Henry from the contest with the jovial men of the Fens before his identity is discovered and sends him back to London, leaving the foppish Lord Arundel to pay the lost wager to Tom True Tongue in the Prince's place. That same Lord Arundel, by the way, provides us in his conversation with a delightfully full and complete list of the wardrobe of a 15th century dandy. Just enough is told us about Prince Henry to make him a real and appealing character, but not enough to make the reader feel that the author is taking liberties with history.

The illustrations by Warwick Goble are excellent in spirit and accuracy. They help in making Miss Whitney's book a notable and distinguished contribution in the field of historical stories for boys and girls.

WARWICK GOBLE — ILLUSTRATOR OF "TOD OF THE FENS"

This famous English artist lives on the channel where he sees the life of such towns and ships as he drew for *Treasure Island*. He has traveled and painted at length in Europe. It was his own adventures in Spain which led him to illustrate Irving's *Alhambra*. His paintings have been awarded medals at the Royal Academy and other English exhibitions.

The delicate brilliance of his color work, and the vigor of his pen work have an individuality which marks him as a sincere artist and a thoughtful illustrator.

Besides *Tod of the Fens*, he has illustrated for the Macmillan Company *Water Babies, Green Willow, The Fairy Book, Treasure Island, Kidnapped*, and *The Alhambra*.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Elinor Whitney has been a member of The Bookshop's staff since 1919, and Assistant Editor of The Horn Book from its beginning. Naturally, we take the greatest pleasure and pride in her work. Perhaps it will interest Horn Book readers to know that Miss Whitney is the granddaughter of an author, Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney. She comes naturally, too, by her interest in seafaring matters as shown in *Tod of the Fens,* for her great-grandfather, Enoch Train, started the first line of sailing packets from Boston to Liverpool, called the Train Line. It was Enoch Train, too, for whom was built the famous clipper ship, *The Flying Cloud,* and it was one of the bitter regrets of his life that he sold the beautiful ship off the ways before she took to the sea.

It happened that I saw the background reading going on for *Tod* over a period of twelve months, and heard the manuscript read aloud twice. I am, of course, a prejudiced party, but in a letter accompanying her review Miss Eaton has expressed something about the story which I felt so strongly that I have taken the liberty of quoting it here: "I think Miss Whitney has done a perfectly charming and most valuable thing. I don't know when I have liked any book so well — and she has done so many things in the book — character and setting and atmosphere and a lovely touch of outdoors, and *there is a depth that that type of story rarely succeeds in attaining.*"

B. E. M.

Through the courtesy of the Macmillan Co.

Tailpiece from "Tod of the Fens"

THE DORCHESTER GIANT

By Oliver Wendell Holmes

The "pudding-stone" is a remarkable conglomerate found very abundantly in the towns mentioned, all of which are in the neighborhood of Boston. We used in those primitive days to ask friends to *ride* with us when we meant to take them to *drive* with us.

This poem is reprinted through the courtesy of Houghton Mifflin Company.

THERE was a giant in time of old,
  A mighty one was he;
He had a wife, but she was a scold,
So he kept her shut in his mammoth fold;
  And he had children three.

It happened to be an election day,
  And the giants were choosing a king;
The people were not democrats then,
They did not talk of the rights of men,
  And all that sort of thing.

Then the giant took his children three,
  And fastened them in the pen;
The children roared; quoth the giant, "Be still!"
And Dorchester Heights and Milton Hill
  Rolled back the sound again.

Then he brought them a pudding stuffed with plums,
  As big as the State-House dome;
Quoth he, "There's something for you to eat;
So stop your mouths with your 'lection treat,
  And wait till your dad comes home."

So the giant pulled him a chestnut stout,
  And whittled the boughs away;
The boys and their mother set up a shout,
Said he, "You're in, and you can't get out,
  Bellow as loud as you may."

Off he went, and he growled a tune
As he strode the fields along;
'T is said a buffalo fainted away,
And fell as cold as a lump of clay,
When he heard the giant's song.

But whether the story's true or not,
It isn't for me to show;
There's many a thing that's twice as queer
In somebody's lectures that we hear,
And those are true, you know.

. . . . . .

What are those lone ones doing now,
The wife and the children sad?
Oh, they are in a terrible rout,
Screaming, and throwing their pudding about,
Acting as they were mad.

They flung it over to Roxbury hills,
They flung it over the plain,
And all over Milton and Dorchester too
Great lumps of pudding the giants threw;
They tumbled as thick as rain.

. . . . . .

Giant and mammoth have passed away,
For ages have floated by;
The suet is hard as a marrow-bone,
And every plum is turned to a stone,
But there the puddings lie.

And if, some pleasant afternoon,
You'll ask me out to ride,
The whole of the story I will tell,
And you shall see where the puddings fell,
And pay for the punch beside.

A Volcano in Action. Such as Once Existed in Boston

A NEW HISTORY OF BOSTON

By Lillian Putnam, *Shady Hill School*

A WIND-BLOWN tree clings to the edge of a gray cliff. Two sea gulls drift above black waves. *Boston Through the Ages,* Irving B. Crosby, reads this engaging cover. It invites investigation. A new history of Boston, no doubt; tempting in size, and, yes, there are pictures!

But what absurd nightmare is here! A volcano erupting in West Roxbury! A tropical forest flourishing in Boston! Glaciers melting in Jamaica Plain! Is this history? If it were Hawaii or Greenland, perhaps, such phenomena might affect history, but what place have they in a chronicle of Boston?

Challenged, you begin to read, and become both enlightened and convinced. It *is* the history of Boston, though it does not begin with 1630, or even with the Norsemen. Volcanoes and glaciers do belong in it, and such phenomena have controlled the past of Boston, are influencing it today, and will continue to affect it in the future.

You are not asked to take any one's word for this astonishing statement, though Mr. Crosby, son of W. O. Crosby, whose work is well known to Boston, is an unquestionable authority. You may go out and see for yourself. This history of *Boston Through the Ages* is no mere chronicle of events. True, it records happenings in a past so remote that the much-disputed Norsemen seem to belong to yesterday — happenings so amazing that the most exaggerated headlines of the modern newspaper would be unequal to them. The fascinating part of the book, however, is not what it tells you, but what it makes you able to discover for yourself.

To get the greatest enjoyment from such a history, you must take it out of doors. Travel in space but a few miles from Beacon Hill, but travel in time backward for

eons. Under Mr. Crosby's direction you may find the marks of flowing lavas, melting ice, earthquakes and floods, and reconstruct a very different Boston. There are the ledges of Braintree slate, home of the curious trilobite, whose voracious appetite caused his stomach to crowd out

Tri-Mount, or Beacon Hill, from Charlestown, as It Looked Three Centuries Ago

his brain. The sea in which he lived received deposits of mud which formed the beginning of Boston, some hundreds of millions of years ago, a time when the granite of the famous Quincy quarries did not even exist. These quarries are remarkable enough in their present state, but how much more so after you know the story of their birth!

Perhaps you know the places in Dorchester and Roxbury where the giants scattered their pudding about in huge chunks, but the power of Atlas himself must have been exerted to bend and twist the rocks of Boston into the arches you find on exposed cliff faces. You get an entirely new conception of solid rock when you examine them.

Do not forget the volcanoes. One of them Mr. Crosby locates quite exactly in West Roxbury. It is completely and comfortably extinct, which makes it, you will agree, a much better neighbor; but what havoc it must have wrought in its time!

Rivers, too, have their adventures. Rather recently in geologic time, even less than a million years ago, there was no Charles River, at least, not in its present bed.

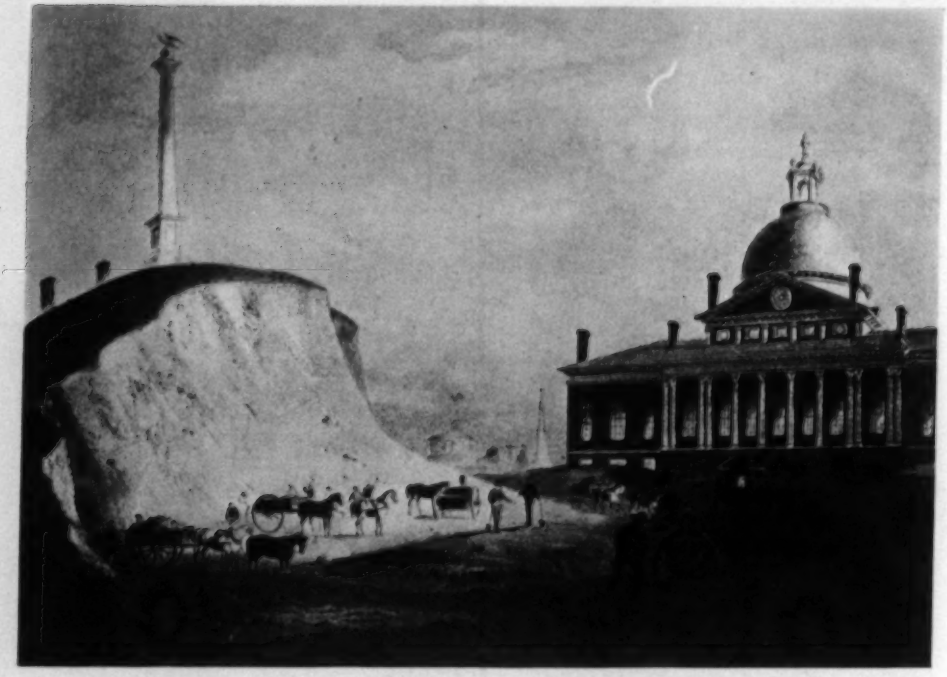
The Merrimac did not flow eastward to the sea from Lowell, but kept on a southward course through Winchester and Cambridge to Boston, crossing Washington Street on the way to the sea. But how does any one know, you say? Mr. Crosby's account, a topographic map, and a visit to the ancient river course will help you to collect some of the evidence; and if you are still skeptical, or eager for more, the excellent bibliography included in *Boston Through the Ages* will help you to further proof.

Of course, you have heard of the ice age, but can you read its writing on the landscape? Do you know the drumlins, those orderly mounds which might have been left by giant children playing with giant spoons at giant mud pies? Did they, too, place those huge boulders about so strangely, precariously, yet firmly poised in unexpected places?

A Perched Boulder in Melrose Highlands, where It was Dropped by the Ice Sheet

After the glacial period, the scene becomes more familiar. The rivers of today began to carve out their valleys in the *débris,* and the harbor was made. This chapter in the

history is tremendously interesting and not difficult to follow. A trip to Nantasket by boat becomes an excursion into the past — a past marked by terrific battles between land and sea, battles which are still raging, indeed, and man himself is playing a part in the conflict.



The Summit of Beacon Hill being Removed

How small a part, and how brief a time has man in this great history! How trifling his efforts seem in contrast to the forces of fire and water which set the stage before he appeared on it! Yet the first maps drawn of the region are quite unlike the maps of today in topography. In 1775 a high tide made Boston practically an island! Mr. Crosby assures us that traffic troubles on Washington Street began when the bowsprits of moored ships projected out over the street and blocked the way.

Little did the early settlers dream of the great events which had preceded their coming. Just as little did they suspect that these events were controlling their actions. Without Dorchester Heights would the siege of Boston have ended in the same way? How much more complicated Beacon Hill traffic would be if its drumlin structure had not been vulnerable to the attack of pick and shovel! The very features of the landscape which attracted the first Bostonians — the limited area, the hills, the ground structures — have proved difficult problems for their descendants. They have taken down the hills and filled in the bays, but new complications continually arise. How will the map of Boston look a century hence? What will happen to the region in ages to come? Will the sea claim it again? Are there to be more ice ages?

Here is a history of great possibilities. Any one who loves out of doors, or loves history, or loves Boston will be grateful to Mr. Crosby for making it available. He goes striding down the ages at breathless speed, for his pages are small and his subject is vast. You may follow at your leisure. He points out the road; what you find along the way depends on you.

Boston Through the Ages. By Irving B. Crosby *Marshall Jones* $2.00

READING CONTEST

Prizes! Prizes! Prizes!

YOU may enter this contest any time, but the sooner the better, for we are going to give the prizes, which will be *books,*

To the boy or girl who does the most good reading during the year — 10 books;

To the boy or girl who sends in the largest number of good book notes on the books read during the year — 5 books;

To the boy or girl who sends in *the best book note* during the year — 1 book.

If you are reading a book now, as soon as you have finished it and while it is still very fresh in your mind, write down why it is you liked it or what there is about it that you did not like. You must try to be definite in your reasons. You do not have to write a great deal. You can write a good book note using only one hundred or two hundred words. That is the kind we want. Then mail it to The Horn Book, 270 Boylston Street, Boston. Next November, in Children's Book Week, we shall announce who has done the most reading, who has written the greatest number of good book notes, and who has written the very best book note of all.

Here are some of the book notes that have been received. Don't they make you want to enter the contest and perhaps have some notes of yours printed?

ALISON BLAIR by Gertrude Crownfield. *Dutton* $2.00

The most delightful hours I have had recently were those spent reading *Alison Blair* by Gertrude Crownfield. The book is historical because it is about an orphan English girl who came to this country and lived in the Mohawk County during the French and Indian War. From her father, who was a famous doctor, she had learned enough about caring for the sick to save the lives of many wounded in battle. She had many thrilling adventures and one was

being taken captive by Indians. The relatives with whom Alison lived were unfriendly. One cousin took from her and hid all the valuables her father had left her. But in spite of difficulties she was always brave, kind and lovable.

It was such an exciting story that I went through all Alison's experiences with her and hated to leave the book, even at mealtime. I wish that every one might read this book, because Alison shows examples of courage and kindness that would benefit us all to follow.

SALLY MARSTON,
Skowhegan, Me.

EIGHT COUSINS by Louisa Alcott. *Little, Brown* $2.00

This is a story of a girl who had no parents. She lived with her Aunts and Uncles.

I thought it was interesting because it told about Rose as she was when she was young and later when she was a young woman. Rose had eight cousins. If it had not been for them she would have had a dreary time. They made her life happy and the pranks they played were very funny, and all put together it made a very good story.

LOUISE MATTHEWS (10 years),
Portsmouth, N. H.

WINNIE–THE–POOH by A. A. Milne. *Dutton* $2.00

It is a remarkable book, in my opinion, written for little children, that will hold the interest of an older child as *Winnie-the-Pooh* does.

There is an indescribable merit in this book, and as one reads it, they laugh at the funny doings of Pooh, and yet they have to stop and think: What is it that makes the doings of a Teddy-Bear interesting enough to hold an audience of hundreds?

I think it is wholly cleverness and originality on the part of the author. I enjoyed the book for this.

ALICE STUART HENDRICK (12 years),
Nashville, Tenn.

KATRINKA by Helen Eggleston Haskell. *Dutton* $2.00

Katrinka was a poor Russian girl whose father and mother were taken to Siberia. She was left with her brother to support. She became a great dancer, and in the end she found her father and mother.

I liked the story because it gave some interesting facts about Russia during the Revolution. It told how cruelly the peasants were treated and how they were sent to Siberia. I admired Katrinka much because she sacrificed so much for her little brother.

GRACE GREENOUGH (11 years),
Oshkosh, Wis.

SATURDAY'S CHILDREN by Helen Crewe.
Little, Brown $2.00

I liked this book very well because all of it might have happened. It was not all one story, but it told about the lives of some foreign children. It taught me to be better acquainted with their ways and manners. Some of the children I would like to see — especially the children of Switzerland in the chapter "There was a War." But the stories were all so interesting it would be hard to tell which was the best.

LOUISE MATTHEWS,
Portsmouth, N. H.

THE BOY KNIGHT OF REIMS by Eloise Lownsbery
Houghton Mifflin $2.00

Boy Knight of Reims is a book about a boy of Reims, France. He lived right next to the cathedral of Reims where all the kings of France came to be crowned. This was very dear to him and he was always thinking what he could do for it. He wanted to do more for it because an ancestor of his was the first builder of it. The book gives quite a little information about the guilds of those days. Also anybody that reads it will learn a little French. A historical event is put in about Joan of Arc and how she led the French to victory and took King Charles the Seventh to be crowned at Reims. One who starts this book will have a hard time to find a place to stop, it is so good.

ROBERT N. MANNING (9 years),
Plainville, Conn.

DOWNRIGHT DENCEY by Caroline Dale Snedeker
Doubleday, Page $2.00

Downright Dencey is a story of old Nantucket. Dionis, as she is called, is a Quaker girl living in Nantucket, an old whaling town. The story is quite exciting. One day Dionis hits a boy called Jetsam, with a stone, and cuts him badly. He is poor and cannot go to school, so he tells her the only way he will forgive her is by teaching him to read. She is very sorry she hurt him, so every day she goes out on the moors to give him reading lessons. They both have interesting and exciting experiences. There is, in the story, a bit of romance. The courtship of Dionis' mother, and where she herself marries Jetsam.

In my mind Miss Snedeker wrote a very interesting book. She gives fine descriptions of Nantucket and the surroundings. She holds one's interest all through the book, in fact I got so interested in it, that I read it all in one day. She makes the story seem very realistic and natural. The characters I liked very much, also. Miss Snedeker is most coherent and clear.

I liked the book one of the best I have ever read.

HELEN S. BONNELL (11 years),
Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, Pa.

A. HUGH FISHER: A COMRADE FOR CHILDREN

By Elizabeth M. Whitmore

Mr. Fisher may well start in surprised protest at seeing himself described as an artist for children; when our acquaintance began, about two years ago, over his etchings of English cathedrals, I should certainly have done so. But the children, not only mine, but all who see his work, have adopted him themselves. Even at the opening of that first packet the eight and nine-year-old faces peering over my shoulder shone with enthusiasm, and the large Winchester Cathedral was greeted

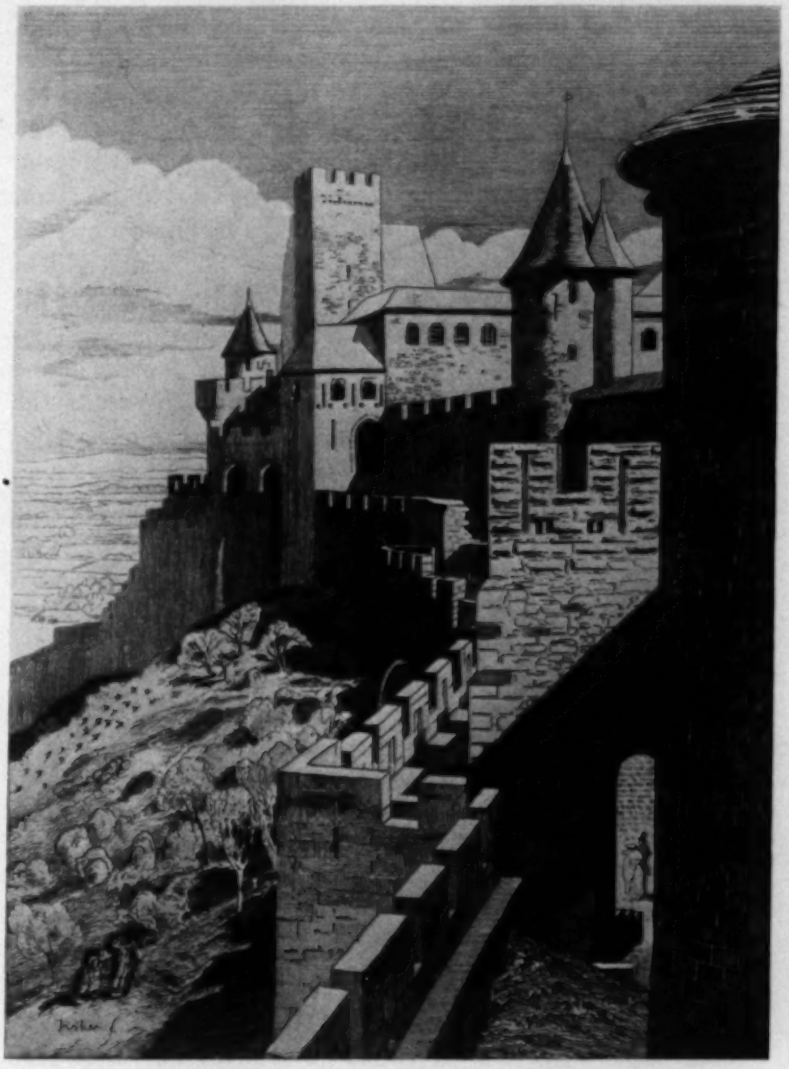
Hall Stairs, Winchester
A. Hugh Fisher

with, "O-oh, how shady; I'd just love to lie out under those trees and look up at the big tower." Later, when the etchings had been put up on the wall, a tired little boy sank down on the library couch after a day of shopping, looked long at "Hall Stairs, Winchester," and sighed out, "Oh, Mother, it's so peaceful; it just rests me after the turmoil (sic!) of the city!" Then (after a pause), "And just think — it's a boys' school like Rugby, where Tom Brown went!"

And now, when the mail brings another packet from Mr. Fisher, my children come running to share in the surprises. To be sure, much in the prints needs for full understanding the older, trained eye of craftsman or collector. When we first lifted Carcassonne from its tissues, while the children exclaimed, "It's so stern; wouldn't it be awful to have to fight up that hill with the arrows raining down!", it was Mother who pointed out what made them feel so: how, for instance, those hard, white rectangles of the crenelations, repeated in unbending lines, march up the slope like swift, dogged soldiers; how the shadow flung across the arched entrance makes vivid the terror of pressing into that dark passage against armed defenders; how the sharply drawn masonry seems even more solid and forbidding, seen against the far-off, sunlit fields at the left; and how those fields themselves are made by just a few, deftly placed black lines on the creamy paper. But after all, the children had caught the mood before she explained; for them it was story-book land come true — the land of grim walls and stout assailants and beleaguered ladies looking off from high battlements, and it was a *real* place, drawn by a hand they could trust.

If Carcassonne and its likes brought sudden reality into history and romance, others did the same for the quietly pulsing flow of Old-World country life, parts of which we over here have lost. Jacob and his flocks, David feeding his sheep on the hills — the sheep that is dumb before

her shearers — all these are part of the very fabric of our minds. We remember, perhaps, the shearing in "Far from the Madding Crowd," or in the exquisite songs of



CARCASSONNE
A. Hugh Fisher

Mr. Fisher's friend, Gordon Bottomley, or in his own "Ruined Barn." To artist and poet over there they are as much a part of the pageant of the year as ripening fruit or returning birds. Yet to how many New England children such a picture as "The Shearer" flashes a sudden light on a land familiar, but never yet seen.

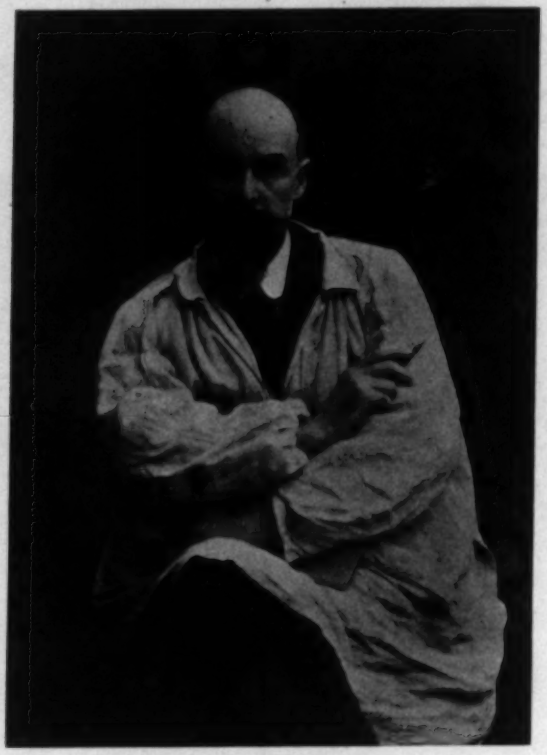
This response on the youngsters' part is, I take it, because Mr. Fisher, for all his mastery of his craft, has kept a boy's outlook on life; he loves the things he draws, for themselves, and he wants to know all about them. Art for him is not a difficult game, played by rules that only a few can understand, but just a delicately skillful means of showing others what those searching eyes of his *see,* and how it makes him *feel.* And his vision searches out the facts as curiously as a boy with a new air-plane model; his imagination leaps as quickly to the clues the facts offer as that same boy's when he knows at once what his dog pleads for, or tries to hide the tears at the sound of "Taps." His richer experience, instead of blunting the zest, only makes surer the detection of actual appearances, only widens the associations they call up, only quickens the selecting and emphasizing of those parts which kindle us to feel as he does.

And even his choice of subjects in many cases goes straight to the boy's or girl's heart. Just as in his letters, sparkling out between business discussions or tucked into separate notes to Bill or Elinor, come word pictures and actual sketches of his cat Snow, of the baby chimpanzees he has just visited at the Zoo, of the first blossoms in his little garden in the Chiltern Hills (he has now moved to London, but they didn't have to change Snow's name to Soot, as they feared, and there is still a garden), so with the etchings; among cathedrals and mountains peer out little furry Australian bears "just the size of a heavy human baby"; tigers with velvet ears, drowsing with head on paw, or just awakened, with the startled, wide-eyed look of a pet cat who hears his name suddenly; deli-

ciously Dickensian birds — a crabbed old Marabou stork that one is tempted to christen "the trustee," or the shamelessly, ungainly pelicans. And we even find, though more rarely, loving studies of the youngsters themselves. Could

THE SHEARER
A. Hugh Fisher

anything be more perfectly understanding than the drypoint of the Breton lassie on the merry-go-round, with lips set and little hands clutching the bridle of her wooden steed, absorbed in a delicious, half-terrifying thrill as it rises and falls with her, faster, faster, in its giddy whirl?



A. Hugh Fisher

But a paragraph from a recent letter will bring him nearer than my words, and will, if I mistake not, set many another child or incorrigibly child-hearted grown-up all agog to share his experiences through poems or prints.

"Do not be too sure that I have not tracked beasties in game preserves! I know and love the open downs and deep tangles of woodland. Lilias and I have sat so mouse-quiet in the middle of a rabbit warren for hours that the dear conies have played all about us while I noted their postures with quiet fingers that hardly dared move an inch for fear of scaring the whole crowd. I have stood in a clearing in the wood, watching the wide-mouthed nightjars on a summer night wheeling and churring and making that other peculiar note of theirs. In hot sunshine as I sat silent a rabbit has scurried past me, followed by a stoat. Lilias and I together have seen on the outskirts of a wood a fox close to us followed by the

hounds, and then an hour after, the same fox, happily escaped, trot by *us* with a friendly eye of happy relief. I am now a dweller in the city, but not only have I known intimately the woodland and open country, but I have known wild life also in foreign lands. I have nursed lion-cubs in North Africa. Gliding down a tropic river in a native boat through the heart of Ceylon forests, I have watched wild elephants bathing, as in Borneo I have seen red-haired ourang-outangs swinging in the branches and crocodiles basking in the mud. I have always loved drawing animals."

MARABOU STORK
A. Hugh Fisher

Can one wonder that his child-friends over here are thrilled at the news that he is to devote this coming year to etching more of the dear beasties? We can hardly wait for his next packet!

The drawings and etchings by Hugh Fisher may be obtained through The Bookshop. The prices of those

mentioned in this article, and others available, are given below.

Hall Stairs	$15.00
Carcassonne	15.00
The Shearer	15.00
Tigers' Heads	15.00
Marabou Stork	5.00
The Roundabout	10.00
Springtime	5.00
Teresina	5.00
Amberley from the Mount	5.00
Calf in the Hovel	10.00
The Covered Way, Bedales	10.00
Trinity College Chapel, Oxford	15.00
Winchester College Chapel	15.00
The Carillon, Bruges	15.00
La Sainte Chapelle, Florence	15.00
Giotto's Campanile	15.00

TIGERS' HEADS
A. Hugh Fisher

Mrs. Whitmore conducts The Print Corner at Hingham. She is author of *Prints for the Layman, Their Use and Enjoyment in the Average Home,* with an appendix concerning prints not noticed in the body of the essay. Goodspeed. 1927. Illustrated. $1.00.

Of this book, *The Booklist, a Guide to New Books,* published by the American Library Association, in the number for March, 1928, says:

"A valuable monograph for amateur print collectors. From explaining precisely what is meant by the term 'prints,' the author proceeds to a discussion of the various types of prints — etchings, engravings, woodcuts, block prints, and others. Fascinating illustrations."

ROUNDABOUT
A. Hugh Fisher

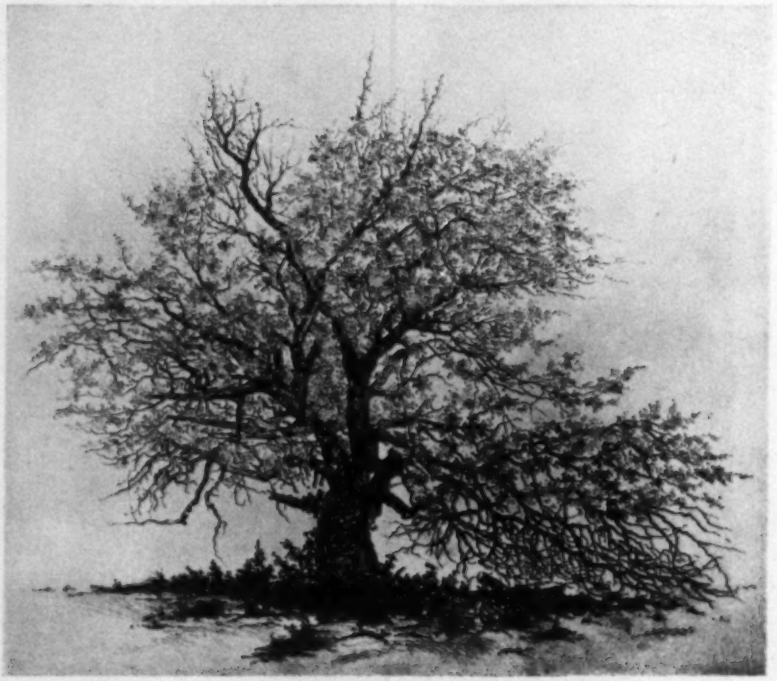
OTHER ETCHINGS AND WOOD BLOCK PRINTS OF INTEREST TO BOYS AND GIRLS AND THEIR ELDERS

Notes on the artists (except the one on Mrs. Florence Bradshaw Brown) have been written by Mrs. Elizabeth M. Whitmore

ALL the etchings and prints listed below may be purchased at or ordered from The Bookshop for Boys and Girls.

JOHN TAYLOR ARMS

American; perhaps the most brilliant master of his craft now at work in America. Trained at M. I. T. as an architect, actually practiced for some years. Turned to etching in 1915 as an avocation, and after service as a naval officer from 1917 to 1919, gave himself to it entirely, and with prompt recognition. His earlier plates (represented in the list below, and now becoming scarce) were varied in subject, including not only French architecture, but



APPLETREE
John Taylor Arms

New York skyscrapers and New England landscape and a series of ships in colored aquatint. But despite his recognized mastery in the latter medium, he has gradually restricted himself in technique to etching, and in subject to the European architecture, chiefly mediæval, which he interprets with unusual sympathy.

Street in Borgio	$5.00
A Church in Borgio	12.00
Appletree	12.00
Thirty Knots or Better	15.00
Through Wind and Weather	12.00
"S. C's" on Night Patrol	15.00

HOWARD COOK

American, a friend and contemporary of Handforth's, already recognized as an important master of wood engravings. His etchings, less known, are also of interest; "The Engine," done with a boyish love of the big roadhorse, was noticed and favorably mentioned by Joseph Pennell.

Long Branch Yards	$5.00

MORGAN DENNIS

American, recently turned to etching after some years' experience at crisp, vigorous newspaper illustration (he was connected with the Boston *Herald,* among others). A pupil of W. H. W. Bicknell, he has caught his master's enthusiasm for delicate dry-point, and uses it (an etching, also) for landscape, and character studies. He is at present winning general recognition of his series of dog portraits in dry-point — careful studies for each given type, of the best individual he can discover.

Lady Be Good	$2.00
An Englishman and a Gentleman	2.00
The Queensboro Bridge	2.00
Beans from Boston	2.00
A Terrible Tough Feller	2.00
Himself	2.00
Wistiti	2.00
"That's a Lot of Applesauce"	2.00
Bloodhound	12.00
The Town Crier	2.50
An Englishman and a Gentleman (mounted)	2.50
The Champion	12.00
The Black Watch	12.00
Themselves	12.00
The Old Wharf	5.00

HIMSELF
Morgan Dennis

THOMAS HANDFORTH

American, born in Tacoma about thirty years ago. Trained in Seattle, New York and Paris. He has lived in the latter city for about seven years, wandering from time to time through provincial France, Italy and Algiers, and returning two years ago for a year on his native Northwest Coast. He is now in Morocco. Has been etching for about five years, and already is invited to exhibit regularly in the more important shows, and has won one prize from the Brooklyn Society of Etchers, and been elected to membership in the Society. Modern in trend, but sound in drawing and technique, and unusually gifted in design. His interest lies in characterizations of unusual landscape and human beings, and of animals; his material has been drawn from Auvergne, Northern Africa, and the American Northwest.

Gossip	$8.00
Oasis	10.00
Siesta	10.00
Maltese Girl and Baby	10.00
Three Ducks	15.00

FLORENCE BRADSHAW BROWN

Florence Bradshaw Brown, whose wood block prints appear on pages 58, 59 and 60, is a member of the colony of artists at Provincetown, the historic fishing village at the tip of Cape Cod, where she lives and works the year round. The constant changes of water and sky, the old wharves, fishing shacks and cottages, the great variety of water craft, the ubiquitous gulls — all combine to make an inspiring environment for an artist.

WAYSIDE INN AT SUDBURY IN THE OLD DAYS
Florence Bradshaw Brown

Mrs. Brown's early years were spent in and near New York. Her art training was obtained at the Art Students' League, followed by study in Paris. Much of her work has been in interpretation of child life and of subjects appealing to children. She has also taught extensively.

For two years Mrs. Brown and Harold Haven Brown, her husband, coöperated in teaching art at the University of Chicago. This was followed by eight years at Indianapolis, Ind., where Mr. Brown served as director and Mrs. Brown as assistant director of the John Herron Art Institute of that city. This included supervision of the activities of the museum and art school, and much teaching in the school. At present Mr. and Mrs. Brown are similarly associated with the Provincetown Art Association.

A recent sojourn in Europe aroused a special interest in the revival of the hand-cut wood block as a means of artistic expression. Mrs. Brown is an enthusiast in this field. This past season she has taught block printing to classes of adults and children at the Provincetown Art Association. Her own subjects, in color and in black and white, include landscapes and flowers, illustrations of fairy tales and nursery rhymes, as well as the historic subjects and animal prints here shown.

MRS. BROWN'S BLOCK PRINTS OF FAMOUS PLACES IN NEW ENGLAND

Old North Church
Old State House
Old South Meeting House
Paul Revere House
King's Chapel
State House, Beacon Hill
Longfellow's House
Old Manse

Each, $1.00

PAUL REVERE HOUSE
Florence Bradshaw Brown